For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome faire
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of *Warwike*, *Montague*, with drum, ancient, and ſouldiers.

War. How now faire Lords; what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwike?* ſhould we report the balefull Newes, and at each words deliuerance ſtab poinyardes In our fleſh till all were told, the words would adde More anguiſh then the wounds,
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of *Yorke* is ſlaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwike Warwike*, that *Plantagenet*, Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption, Is by the ſterne *L. Clifford*, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd thoſe newes in teares And now to adde more meaſure to your woes, I come to tell you things ſince then befalne. After the bloudie fraie at *Wakefield* fought, Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe, Tidings as ſwiftlie as the poſt could runne, Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure. I then in London keeper of the *King*, Muſtred my ſouldiers, gathered flockes of friends, And verie vvell appointed as I thought, Marcht to ſaint *Albons* to entercept the *Queene*, Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along, For by my ſcoutes I was aduertiſed, That ſhe was comming, with a full intent To daſh your late decree in parliament, Touching king *Henries* heires and your ſucceſſion. Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,

Our

Our battels ioinde, and both ſides fiercelie fought. But whether twas the coldneſſe of the king, He lookt full gentlie on his warlike *Queene*, That robde my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene. Or whether twas report of his ſucceſſe, Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigor, Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death, I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth, Their weapons like to lightnings went and came. Our ſouldiers like the night Owles laſie flight, Or like an idle threſher with a flaile, Fel gentlie downe as if they ſmote their friends. I cheerd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe, With promiſe of hie paie and great rewardes, But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight, Nor we in them no hope to win the daie, So that We fled. The king vnto the *Queene*, Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my ſelfe, In haſt, poſt haſt, are come to ioine with you, For in the marches here we heard you were, Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwike*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power, But as for your brother he was latelie ſent From your kind Aunt, Duches of *Burgundie*, With aide of ſouldiers gainſt this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwike* fled. Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſute, But nere till now thy ſcandall of retire.

War.